



REMEMBERING
Stanley Stuber

July 22, 1941 - January 17, 2023



Ask not who the bell tolls for, it tolls for thee.

Stan did not abide by flowery and glowing accolades that dominate obituaries. He always claimed that at death everyone extolled all good attributes and nary a truth about the real nature of the deceased. With his true feelings about death in mind, this is how I feel he would approve of his own obit.

Stan has croaked. Drawn the black ace. He no longer fears being put to pasture at the Raisin Ranch (aka Hotel California). He has now joined the ghost riders in the sky on his steed Snip. They will ride in the clouds forever riding next to the pale horse death.

Stan leaves behind a loving mate of 15 years, Linda to join his predeceased true love Julie, son Russell and dearly loved mother Ethel who endowed him with her good manners and ethics. Where his other traits come from we know not where they originated. Personally as the writer of this missive, I take no responsibility whatsoever.

He will be sorely missed by me, Linda and sons Robin/Artha, Shawn/Anne Marie, grandchildren Anthony, Charlotte, Sophia, Nathaniel and my children Marlo, Collin and their families. As for those of you who need water advice, you are now SOL, so sorry.

A special thanks to Dr. Minty, Dr. Mah and the exceptional staff at the hospital for their kind, compassionate care of Stan.

